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MISS NELLE SNYDER.

The funeral services of Miss Nelle Snyder were held at the home of her father, Dr. J. F. Snyder, Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 6, 1920, at 3 o'clock, Rev. C. E. French of the Church of Christ was in charge. The services were opened by the reading of the 23rd Psalm, followed by a prayer. Mrs. Matt Yapple sang very beautifully and tenderly "Perfect Day."

The minister presented the following:

In the passing of our friend and neighbor we are reminded of the words of another which may fitly describe the going out of this life:

"So fades a summer cloud away;
So sink the gale when storms are o'er
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore."

A. L. Barpauld.

Nelle, the second daughter of Dr. John F. and Annie Snyder, was born in Bolivar, Mo. She came with her parents to this city where the most of her life has been spent. She attended the public school and her life has been lived quietly among the people she loved and who loved her. The departure was not unexpected. It came at 3:45 a. m., Monday, January 5, 1920. She is survived by her father, a brother Fred and two sisters, Adelle and Isabell at home.

"By a grave one learns what life really is—that it is not here, but elsewhere—that this is the exile, there is the home. As we grow older the train of life goes faster and faster; those with whom we travel step out from station to station, and our own station too soon will be marked. Death is like the stereotyping process of a book in the hands of a printer when the plates are made. It is like the fixing solution of a photographer. No changes, corrections or alterations can be made in life's record. We must then say, as did Pilate, "What I have written, I have written." John 19:22.

It is true that we make our own records. We write them and no one can change them. Those who love us may be disposed to place greater value before them than they contain, those who do not care for us may be inclined to under estimate these records of ours. It is a fine thing to know that He who doeth all things well will give your record and my record a true and just estimate.

Miss Nelle Snyder has lived her life in this community. She loved her friends and was loved by them. She lived a quiet life. She will be missed from her circle of friends and in the home. She made several requests concerning her funeral services and among them was that Dr. A. R. Lyles, in whom she had the greatest confidence as a physician, man and gentleman, be requested to speak at this service.

Dr. Lyles spoke in part as follows:

Because it was one of her last requests and because I would not refuse to grant a last request of a friend, if it was anything in the bounds of reason that I could do, is why I am here.

What is death? is a question that has many times been asked and many answers given. And what is life has as often been asked, yet both remain a mystery. There are indeed very few things we know with absolute certainty. We do know however, that when death visits the home, there is always a feeling of resentment and sometimes a very bitter feeling by the friends and loved ones of the one to whom death pays his respects. Because of home ties it is hard for us to look at death from a philosophical point of view. Yet to my way of thinking, I feel that when the body is broken down with physical infirmities and when there can be no pleasure or satisfaction in living, then death should be welcomed as an angel of mercy.

The beautiful life is what you and I admire, and that Miss Nelle Snyder lived the beautiful life no one will deny. I have known her for the last twenty years, and for the last few years have known her intimately because of her affliction. Never have I heard her complain or murmur because of her affliction, and never did I attend any one in sickness who seemed to appreciate what I tried to do for her so much as Miss Snyder. Many people who are long sick become impatient and petu-

lant. Not so with her. So far as I could observe she seemed to appreciate what her family did and everyone who waited on her to the greatest extent. While she could not do many things she would liked to have done on account of her affliction, and while her life was a very quiet one, yet she dispensed sunshine to those with whom she came in contact. And how far reaching that influence may be.

Yesterday she was a playful school girl. Today she lies cold in death's embrace. Tomorrow you and I will join her with that innumerable throng, in the undiscovered country from which no traveler returns. If you and I wield an influence it must be done today, for time is only today. Yesterday and tomorrow belong to eternity.

"Our life is but a winter day,
It seems so quickly passed,
But if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
We meet the end without dismay,
And death is sweet at last."

The floral offerings were beautiful. The pall bearers were C. A. Gridley, Henry McDonald, Frank Reding, William Emerich, Matt Yapple and Henry Monroe. The interment was in Walnut Ridge Cemetery.